

## GOOD Short Stories

A newly arrived Westerner was confronted in a street of New York late at night by a ruffian with leveled revolver, who made the stereotyped demand: "Give me your money or I'll blow your brains out." "Blow away," said the Westerner; "you can live in New York without brains, but you can't without money."

A South Sea Islander, at the close of a religious meeting, offered the following prayer: "O God, we are about to go to our respective homes. Let not the words we have heard be like the fine clothes we wear—soon to be taken off and folded up in a box till another Sabbath comes around. Rather, let Thy truth be like the tattoo on our bodies—ineffaceable till death."

The recent death of Martin Canary—better known as "Calamity Jane"—has revived many tales of her remarkable adventures in the West during the early troubles. Once, it is related, she was riding in a stage-coach driven by Jack McCaull, a notorious character of Deadwood, S. D., when a band of Indians swooped down. McCaull was wounded, and fell back on his seat. The six passengers in the coach were helpless with fright. "Calamity Jane" scrambled to the seat, lashed the horses into a run, and escaped. It was this same McCaull who afterward was made the most memorable example of "Calamity Jane's" vengeance. McCaull shot "Wild Bill" Hickok from behind a tree, for a reason never known, after "Wild Bill" had staked him. When "Calamity Jane" heard of it, she started at once to find McCaull. "Wild Bill" was her friend, and the fact that she had once saved McCaull's life did not deter her from taking it. "I gave you my life once," she declared, "I'll take it back now." She came across him in a meat shop, seized a revolver, and threatened to brain him. He moved, waiting till her friends came. He was one of those who have had a grim satisfaction in kicking his life.

Walter Wellman the other day, of a bullet from an assassin Cleveland. His two terms as governor and lived in Madison. A defunct fellow imagined that he was in love with Mrs. Cleveland, and used to send her a love-letter every day. One morning, Mr. Cleveland was coming down the steps of his house to drive to his law office in William street, when this crazy fellow met him face to face, and pulled the trigger of a pistol aimed straight at the heavy figure standing on the steps two yards above him. By one of those miraculous interpositions of chance, the cartridge missed fire. Before the miscreant could use his weapon again he was seized and carried away. He was found to be insane, and in less than 24 hours was placed in an asylum, while the story was kept out of the newspapers. I was at the house within a few minutes, and the pistol was given to me. I have it yet; also the bundle of crazy love-letters. It was a well-made rim-fire revolver, and every other cartridge exploded at the first trip of the trigger. Mr. Cleveland probably owes his life to the chance that the one cartridge which had too thick a rim was the one which the insane chap tried to fire."

### AMERICAN FARM CONDITIONS.

Average Size of United States Farms Greater in 1900 Than in 1890.

The average size of farms for the country as a whole was greater in 1900 than in 1890. This is, of course, a mathematical corollary of the fact that the farm acreage increased faster than the number of farms. It has already been pointed out, however, that the additions to the farm acreage included large tracts of unimproved land in the Western States, used as grazing farms. While this has materially affected the average size of farms for the country as a whole, in the older portions of the country there are no indications of any general movement toward a consolidation of farms, or of any tendency on the part of farmers toward the cultivation of larger farms. In the Northern States east of the Mississippi there was no very marked change in the size of farms. Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois showed a slight diminution in the average farm area, while the other States in this region showed a slight increase. In the Southern States east of the Mississippi, on the other hand, the increase in the number of farms far exceeded the increase in farm area, and consequently the average size of farms was materially diminished. Only one-half of the total farm acreage in 1900 was reported as improved, but this represents a gain over 1890 of 37,176,436 acres. Most of this increase in the crop-producing area of the country was contributed by the States of the Middle West, the greatest extension being shown in Minnesota, where the increase during the decade exceeded 7,000,000 acres. Increases of between 4,000,000 and 5,000,000 acres were reported for Iowa, North Dakota and Oklahoma. On the other hand, in many States the area of improved farm land was smaller in 1900 than in 1890. A decrease is shown in all the North Atlantic States, especially in New England. This is due prin-

cipally to a change in the kind of farming carried on in those States; the raising of corn and wheat for the market, having become comparatively unprofitable under the influence of Western competition, has been largely superseded by dairy farming and market gardening. In these pursuits, which are, of course, stimulated by the proximity of a large urban population, the Eastern farmer apparently finds it to his advantage to cultivate less land than he once did, but to cultivate it more intensively. Accordingly, the less fertile lands, and the meadow lands that cannot be mown with machines, have in many cases been converted into permanent pastures. The increased average fertility of the land retained under cultivation, the use of the silo, and the growing tendency to cultivate corn and forage crops, instead of hay, for winter feed, are all factors which contribute to the same end—enabling the farmer to raise on a smaller area the winter feed for the animals that can be kept, during the summer, on the enlarged area of pasture land.—Century.

### PRESERVING THEIR DIGNITY.

A Little Business Transaction in Which Each Was Successful.

"Being in Constantinople," said the Philadelphian who had circled the earth, "it was up to me to buy a Turkish scimiter. I believe they all do that except the Germans, who run to pipes. In looking through the bazaars I came across a weapon that had an ancient look and was assured that it had been worn by a Turkish general fifty years before. The price asked was about \$20 in our money, and I promptly declined buying. As I did so the merchant tore his hair and cried out: "What does this man want? This weapon has slain twenty men. Is it not good enough to hang on the wall?" "I was about to pass when he asked me what price I would give. "Not over \$10," I replied. "Now may my beard be stung and my hair torn out by the roots," he howled as he walked about. "I give you the word of a believer that this sword has slain thirty men, but because I must raise money to-day I will take \$15 for it. There—it is yours."

"Not for \$15," I replied, knowing that he would come down to my figure. "Then let the blight fall upon me and mine forever more! I say to you and all men are my witnesses that this sword has slain forty men, and yet you cavil at the price. Not \$15 for such a relic? To-day I go buy another wife and money I must have. Take it for \$12 and know that you have robbed me."

"I said \$10," I replied as I looked carelessly around. "And may I never sleep or eat again nor say my prayers," he fairly howled as he tore off his robe. "Here is a sword that has slain its fifty men and lived in history, and yet you look upon it with contempt. Ah, if I did not need money within the hour! Robber of the unfortunate, take it at \$11 and begone."

"I'll pay you \$11 on one consideration. Tell me truthfully how many men this scimiter has slain?" "He looked at me for a minute and then stroked his whiskers and replied: "If I answered sixty you would think me a liar, and if I answered none you would have to lie to your friends at home. Therefore, that each may preserve his dignity, hand over your \$10 and take the sacred relic away."

### Law Too Costly a Luxury.

A lawyer, addressing the Louisiana Bar Association, declared that litigation has become so much of a luxury that lawsuits are diminishing; that the great expenditure of time as well as of money required in the prosecution of a lawsuit deters men from resorting to the courts for the redress of their grievances. A Southern judge was quoted as saying that he had spent one-fourth of his professional life waiting in court houses for his cases to be called. The delays of the law are an ancient grievance, but it is not certain that they are an unmixed evil.

The deliberate procedure of the courts may not encourage litigation, but it promotes settlements out of court. Substantial justice is often reached by compromises which save time and court costs. The slow methods of the courts have resulted in voluntary arbitration in certain trade disputes. Much of the law's delay is due to the technical errors of lawyers in the conduct of suits. An examination of the records of appellate courts showed that a large percentage of appeals were on points of practice. A more thoroughly trained bar would, therefore, hasten suits to judgment. Legislation being largely controlled by lawyers, it is somewhat surprising that avoidable delays in procedure have not been removed. Their removal, according to the Louisiana attorney, would tend to increase lawsuits and professional emoluments.—Philadelphia Ledger.

### Another Funeral Needed.

Representative Sibley of Pennsylvania went to Mexico, a time ago, to look after some interests he has there. Being a vigorous and energetic man, he was worried by the shiftless habits of the natives. One day in the City of Mexico he saw an imposing funeral procession. "Whose funeral is that?" he asked of a man passing. "No sabe," said the man. "Good!" shouted Sibley; "now if they will bury manana, too, this country will amount to something!"—Saturday Evening Post.

### HOW TO CRIPPLE RUSSIA.

Sheep Powers Can Make It Real, by Cutting Off Its Money Supply.

An article on Russia published in the European, a journal of international influence issued in Paris, has attracted to little attention in the European press. The author is the Danish publicist, Bjornstjerne Bjornson. He assumes that Russia is an undesirable and dangerous element in Europe and Asia, and as a means of thwarting her further advance proposes that she should stop supplying her with money. Since 1899, the writer estimated, Russia has borrowed abroad \$700,000,000 with which to build fleets and to maintain an army no less than to establish the gold standard and build railways, and M. Bjornson seems to take it very much to heart that "the larger part of this foreign gold, which has maintained the Russian institution and served its plans of oppression and of conquest, has flowed from the country of liberty, equality and fraternity."

"It is admitted in France and America," M. Bjornson goes on to say, "that without French gold the Russian institution would have gone to smash long ago. No centralized power, even the best, is, for any length of time, capable of governing so many and varied peoples. No hand, no matter how powerful, can stretch over such an enormous territory or unite so many contrary destinies, created by varied climates and by numerous racial and religious differences. But what the best government, what the most powerful hand cannot perform becomes chaos and misery under a feeble autocratic power or a bureaucratic institution that is mercenary and mendacious, unstable and oppressive. Without the foreigner's aid it would have destroyed itself, whether by revolution or by apoplexy. What, however, would have been most natural would have been a general disintegration of the administration of the colossal masses of Russia according to a scheme of federalization."

"With the aid of the foreigner's gold all the inflammable material of this formidable accumulation of injustice and distress has been able to subside until it has become a danger to us all. Unless a war precipitates her upon her neighbors—a war which would be followed through long years by thunderings and tumults—she will continue to court them as of yore. On this point Russian and foreigner agree. But war will come. If up to the present time the all-powerful Russian institution has not recoiled before any of the means taken to prolong its existence, what should it recoil before war? What, ever the result of the war, one thing is certain—the payment of interest will cease. Russia will thank the aid given her by state bankruptcy."—Public Opinion.

### Typical City of America.

The results of recent investigations show that Philadelphia is pre-eminently the American city. In 1790, when the first census was taken, and for at least two decades afterward Philadelphia contained more inhabitants than any other American town. As early as 1810 the population of Philadelphia was 111,210. According to the census of 1900 Philadelphia contained 1,203,697, of whom 998,357 were native and 205,340 foreign born. In not a single ward of the city are there more foreigners than natives. Of those inhabitants both of whose parents were born in the same foreign country, 221,593 claim Ireland as the birthplace of their parents; 159,233, Germany; 53,029, England; 44,320, Russia, and 27,660, Italy.

Of the native born population of Philadelphia (998,357), 844,548 were born in Pennsylvania, 39,978 in New Jersey, 23,184 in Maryland, 21,893 in New York, 20,688 in Virginia and 16,455 in Delaware. Comparatively few residents of Philadelphia were born in New England or the Western States. That is to say, Philadelphia does not exercise upon those sections of our country the magnetic attraction exerted by New York.

Of foreign born residents in Philadelphia only 65,384 are naturalized. It follows that the political influence of the so-called "foreign vote" is insignificant.—Harper's Weekly.

### Catching Ring-Tail Monkeys.

Ring-tail monkeys, one of the most valuable and expensive of the smaller animals, are caught in an interesting way. A coconut is split in two and a banana with a piece of wood running through it placed lengthwise through the nut, the two halves of which are drawn together by wire. Then a hole is cut large enough for the monkey's paw to enter. The monkey spies the tempting nut from his tree. He hops down, looks it over, sees the hole and smells the banana inside. He is fond of bananas. Putting his paw in, he grasps it, but the wood prevents it from coming out. Then the catchers appear and the monkey runs for a tree. But he cannot climb because of the coconut on his paw and he will not let go of that, so he is captured, pawing wildly at a tree trunk.

### The Ounce of Prevention.

Cholly—What makes you think old Niggard thought you had come to him to borrow money? Jack—Oh, he began talking right away about how hard up he was.—Somerville Journal.

### What Happened to Muldoon.

O'Toole—Muldoon struck his wife fistidly. McKick—Is he in jail? O'Toole—Now, he in th' harsepittle!—Baltimore American.

A man is punished so much for talking too freely that an old man usually talks less than a young one.

### FANCY TAILOR GOWN.

IT IS RAPIDLY COMING INTO POPULAR DEMAND.

Tendency Is on Account of Reaction Against Zibellines and Other Rough Cloths—Velvet Likely to Take Prominent Place Among Winter Fabrics.

New York correspondence:

KEEPING track of the recent rulings in the uses of cloths requires close watching. Already, with winter yet to be reached, there has appeared a change in the standards set positively only a few weeks ago. Then it seemed as if there was to be no escape from zibellines and their kind, in either plain or elaborated tailor-mades. Very soon it appeared that the more novel of these weaves were not suited to elaborate make-up, and tailor-mades that depended for dressiness on their trimming began to come out in smooth cloths. At that stage tailors were inclined to sniff at these models and hint, while admitting their beauty, that the grade of goods was newer. Now that's a simple state-



A TAILORED ZIBELLINE AND A COMBINATION OF TWO SILKS.

ment of no especial significance as it appears in print, but spoken by a tailor it is a most potent message. Yet it was not enough to induce women to surrender altogether to the mixtures and novelty weaves, undeniable as was their stylishness. So dressy tailor gowns in cloths of smooth surface and fine texture became in demand, and now it seems as if they might take almost as high rank as they did two seasons ago. They're of the fancy tailor-made order, of course, with quite as elaborate trimming as they had when they last were abundant. Some of the ornamentation is hardly of the character of tailor finish. That's where the "fancy" comes in. But if this point brings some incongruity, it is not to be detected except by close

the newly stylish shades represented, and many fancy weaves. The latter are noticeable for originality, goods of equal novelty being hard to find elsewhere.

As to the use of these, it would seem that many of them are too fanciful for employment except as trimmings. But stylish dressmakers when urged to endorse this impression are inclined to become non-committal and to hint that whole gowns are to be made of such velvets. Dressed-up women will be a gay array if such is to be the case, but naturally no dressmaker can see anything regrettable in that prospect. Then as to trimming with such weaves, it will tend to liberality of amount and rather to showiness of treatment. Combinations in which velvets are to be a factor are promised in large numbers. Girdle belts of velvet will be a mark of stylishness. Velvet insertions will be many, and the inset pieces may be numerous and of fanciful shape if the wearer desires them so. Velvet ribbon may be let in through the mesh of coarse laces, and sash ends of the same will terminate in handsome fringe. Yokes of this material will appear on both bodices and skirts, and the small pocket finish of it will reappear. In all of these the velvet may be plain or fancy, according to the ideas of the individual. While the novelty sorts are so showy that it would seem as if they would warn most women to use them warily, if at all, their numbers and variety insure numerous purchasers, so come out in "velvet season" is likely to be memorable.

For the accompanying pictures, models were selected exclusively from fashions having good indorsement. Just now



A TAILORED ZIBELLINE AND A COMBINATION OF TWO SILKS.

there are many show dresses more impressive for bold treatment than for beauty. These are not represented in this selection, though the latter is well marked by tasteful originality. The gown of the small picture was tan silk voile, with elaborately embroidered front and skirt yoke. Sleeve puffs were of silk to match. At the left in the next picture is a tailor gown of brown zibelline, with finish of brown cloth and stitching. Beside this is a blue silk dotted with green, its passermenterie combining the two colors. Plain green silk trimmed waist and skirt. An elaborated pattern gown is first in the next picture. It was gray cloth embroidered in black silk, and was made up with plain gray cloth and black velvet as shown. Then



NOTICEABLY UP TO DATE IN TRIMMINGS.

analysis, and the latter is forestalled by the favorable impression such tailoring creates. According to early promise, this is to be a velvet season. Such was the promise a year ago, and a year before that. Yet little came of it beyond a sprinkling of velvet dress-ups and not a great deal more of outdoor gowns. The velvet used for these gowns was almost without exception plain of weave and solid of color. The shade usually was moderately subdued, too, though now and then a green or a blue took on assertive hue. Practically all of velvet that was fanciful in weave was reserved for trimmings, and as such was employed sparingly. This winter there is likely to be a radical change. Anyway, the means are at hand for it, for the stocks of velvets include the usual fine array of squid colors, with

Lace robes and spangle and flittered net dresses are to be the fashionable evening costumes the coming season.

### MEXICAN LOVERS AMERICANIZED.



Mexico, the country of mystery, romance and hot tamales, bull fights, cock fights and sombreros, dashing caballeros and dark-eyed señoritas, with its restrictions and grave-faced duennas, is the scene of a revolution, more warmly waged than the usual Latin country opera bouffe war.

The American invasion is responsible for the conflict. American men and women have gone to Mexico annually. The freedom of the girls contrasted with the restricted life of the raven-haired Castilian girls, who, from infancy, were reared in an atmosphere in which the only men were members of their own families.

Mayhap the Mexican beauty saw her sweetheart through the lattice work screen, or leaned from a balcony while he, lacking the daring of Romeo, was forced to stand on the pavement and whisper sweet nothings. When admitted to her home he could not see her alone.

In Chihuahua the young men and women have fired of this ancient method of courtship, and have formed a "bachelor club." The young women will go to the club without chaperones and will be escorted to their homes by the men. To prevent mistakes, each member has promised not to marry for one year. The organization has created excitement, and the conservative Mexicans are indignant. The members of the club were happy at last accounts.

### HIS CENT CAME BACK.

Small Coin Travels Around and Finally Returns to Owner.

Take an ordinary copper cent piece, stamp it with a private mark, put it into circulation, and what are the chances that you will ever see it again? There is one man who says that he tried the trick and succeeded at it. He is a business man, who refuses to allow his name to be used in print about the story, but he tells the tale to many of his friends, and he vouches for its truth.

In 1891, he says, he found a cent piece dated 1893 in the restaurant of the Lafayette Hotel. He pocketed it for luck, and as a memento of a jolly little dinner scratched his initials on it just over the feathered head, while on the check he added those of the hotel. Until 1896 he treasured the coin, then drew it out of his pocket with a handful of other change, and before he realized it the cent piece had gone the mysterious way of all money.

A year ago he chanced, being of a curious turn of mind, to fall into conversation one evening with a professional beggar at Broad and Chestnut streets. He upbraided the man for getting so much money for nothing. "Oh," said the beggar, "I don't get so much. That's all I've got in the last hour," and he held up a cent piece.

At that moment the electric light fell upon the coin, and the business man, to his amazement, caught sight of the letters "H. L." on the cheek of the face. He took the coin and examined it more closely. Sure enough, there were his own initials just above the feathers, where he had placed them a half dozen years before.

At once his prejudice against begging vanished.

"I'll give you a dollar for that coin," he cried. The beggar grew wary at his eagerness and demanded \$5. Needless to say he got it, and also, of course, the cent piece has never since left the business man's watch chain.—Philadelphia Press.

### Was Ready to Fight.

A well-known Portuguese engineer, M. Meslier, happened to be passing in his boat near the American squadron, which is at present anchored in the Tagus, when he was nearly struck by an overripe apple which some one had hurled from the cruiser Brooklyn.

An indignant remonstrance only drew from the sailors who were looking out a genial string of Yankee pleasantries. The irate engineer then pulled up to the cruiser and, denouncing the Americans as cowards, insisted that he should send his card to the commander, whom he formally challenged to a duel.

This attitude quite won the hearts of the Americans, who, after freely apologizing for the exuberance of spirits which had led to his being offended, saw him off, now quite mollified, with a round of cheers.—London Leader.

### Life's Hardships.

An Athlison mother admits that the most difficult thing she ever attempted was to ask her daughter the morning after her commencement if she would wash the breakfast dishes.—Athlison Globe.

In keeping a scrapbook about yourself, don't keep everything.